

COWBOY WESTERN
presents
WILD BILL HICKOK
No 63

COWBOY WESTERN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Wild Bill Hickok

and

SINGLES

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ALL NEW
OFFICIAL
LAW
SHOW



WANTED
DEAD or
ALIVE



José Gilli
\$1000.00

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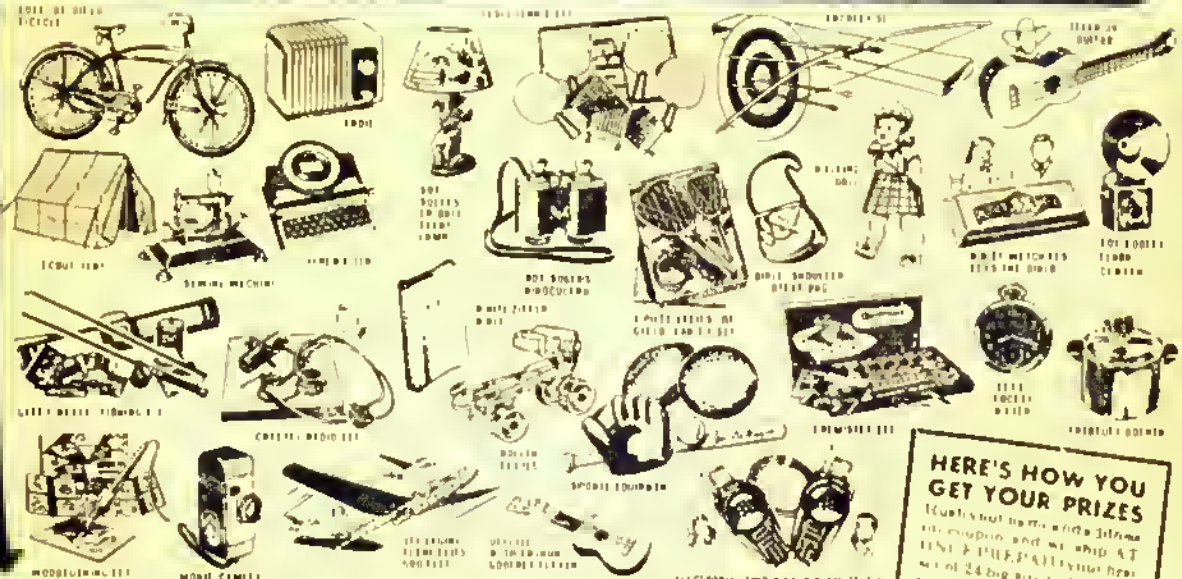
EASY WAY TO EARN IT!
Send No Money—Merely Mail Coupon
We Ship You 24 Beautiful Super Size Religious Wall Mottoes
ON CREDIT! Friends, Neighbors and Others Buy on Sight!

Save the Lord while you earn extra cash - up to \$50 to \$100! Just mail the coupon below with your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY** and the FLNman will ship to you **POSTPAID** and **ON CREDIT** 24 extra large richly decorated Religious Wall Moltoes. These gorgeous inspiring moltoes sell amazingly fast at just 35¢ each. Your friends, neighbors and other folks buy on sight, many take six to eight for every room in the house. Many boys and girls, men and women sell out all 24 moltoes in a few hours and make \$2.40 for themselves in a hurry.

HERE'S HOW YOU EARN MONEY FAST

When you have sold all 24 molasses, you will have collected \$4.40 altogether. Merely send \$6.00 to the F.I. Newman in payment for the molasses and keep all the rest of the \$2.40 for yourself! You can probably sell out in a single afternoon - and that means you can make the full \$2.40 profit after school or on a Saturday. If you prefer, you can earn exciting prizes like those shown below. Help out, lend a hand, get a good, old-fashioned, and well-earned cash-in-prizes. Rush Coupon TODAY!

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NAME	AGE
STREET or RFD	
TOWN	STATE

EXTRA! Still don't want to feel pay gone with a Friday and we'll give you FREE! Meet us at Midway in the ELN Sports Event to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first night game for football. Make it a night to remember. ELN Sports is the ultimate

SEND NO MONEY!... We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept X-109, 5726 N Broadway Chicago 40, Illinois.

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COWBOY WESTERN



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Alfred P. Segar Executive Editor

Wild Bill Hickok AND SINGLES

in BADMAN'S HOLIDAY

WHEN THE NEWS SPREAD, EVERY GLORY-HUNTING GUNSLINGER ON THE BORDER BEGAN OILING HIS GUNS. WILD BILL HICKOK HAD PUT ASIDE HIS GUNS. THE FAMED FRONTIER MARSHAL WAS WEARING HIS BADGE UNARMED.

I FEEL LIKE A PLUCKED CHICKEN ON THE CHOPPIN' BLOCK WITHOUT MY COLTS. GUESS I GOTTA DO THE BEST I CAN.

NEVER MIND, HICKOK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

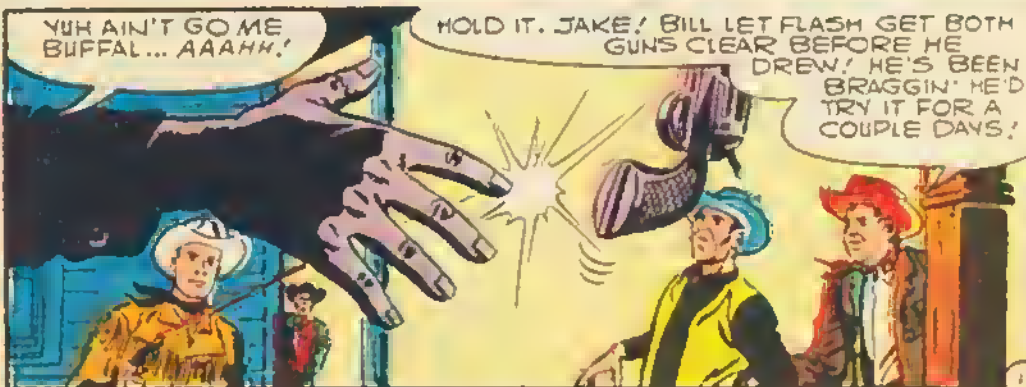


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EVERY MINUTE THAT WILD BILL HICKOK WORE THE BADGE AND PATROLLED THE TOWN MEANT DANGER! MEN LIKE FLASH LEGREW WHO FINALLY BUILT UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO MAKE HIS TRY...

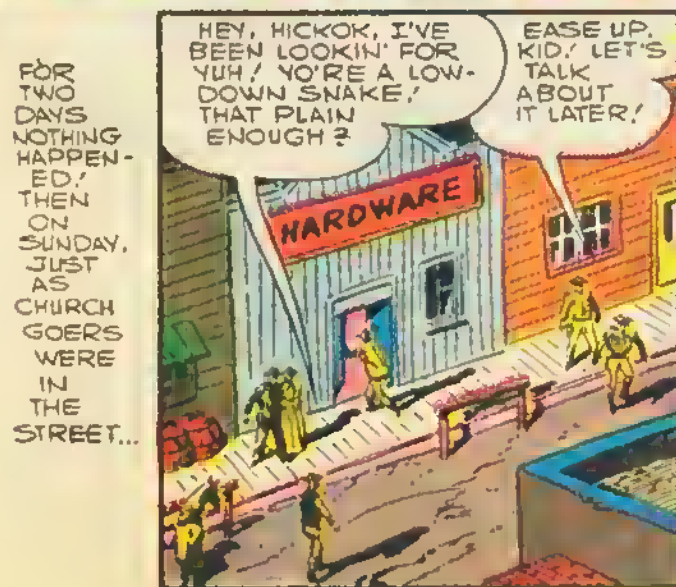
YUH AIN'T GO ME BUFFAL... AAAHH!

HOLD IT, JAKE! BILL LET FLASH GET BOTH GUNS CLEAR BEFORE HE DREW! HE'S BEEN BRAGGIN' HE'D TRY IT FOR A COUPLE DAYS!

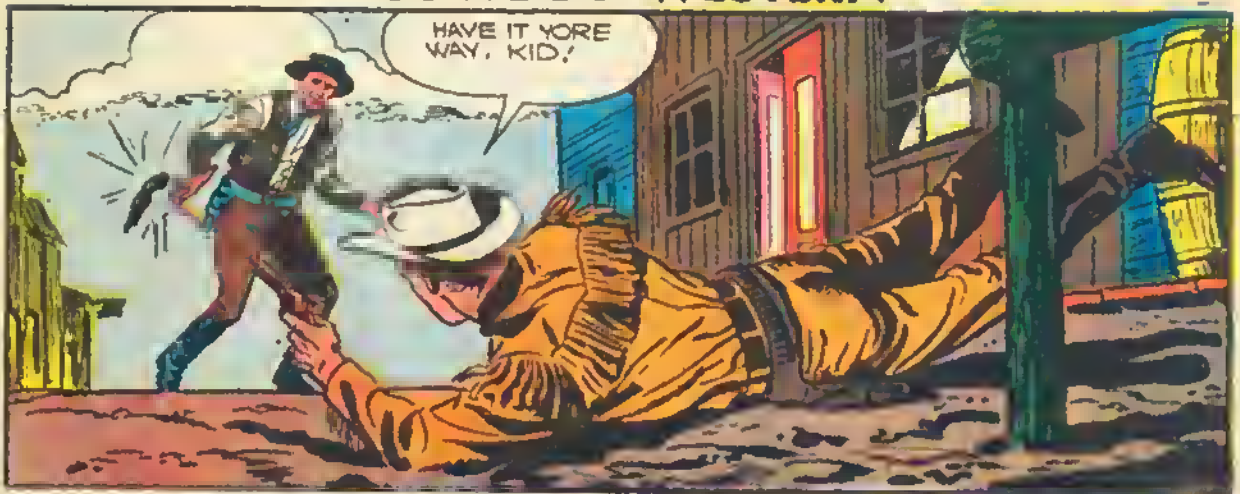


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IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT... BUT IT HAD AN UNPLEASANT AFTERMATH...



COWBOY WESTERN



IT'S A DISGRACE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! GUNFIGHTING ON SUNDAY! SOMEONE MIGHT'VE BEEN KILLED!

YES, MA'AM ME!

I TRIED TUH TALK HIM INTUH BEIN' FEEF!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THOSE GUNS, YUH WOULD NOT BE TEMPT-ED TO USE THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE LONDON BOBBIES DON'T WEAR GUNS!

I DEMAND THAT YOU AND YOUR FAT DEPUTY DO THE SAME! WE INSIST ON IT!

THE SENTIMENT SPREAD THROUGH THE TOWN; EVEN SOME MEN AGREED WITH THE LADIES...

THE WOMEN ARE RIGHT! THIS IS A CIVILIZED COMMUNITY!

THAT'S RIGHT! I DON'T WEAR A GUN IN THE DRY GOODS STORE!



HEAR THE CACKLIN'? IF HICKOK SHEDS THEM SIXES, HE'S A DEAD PIGEON!

WE'LL BE FIGHTIN' EACH OTHER, TUH SEE WHO GOES AFTE 'IM FIRST!

AS USUAL, PUBLIC OPINION PREVAILED! WILD BILL HICKOK HIM-SELF DECIDED TO TRY IT THEIR WAY...

LET 'EM HAVE IT THEIR WAY! YUH CAN QUIT IF YUH WANT TO, JINGLES! I DON'T EXPECT YUH TO BE AS CRAZY AS ME!

I'LL TRY IT, BILL--BUT IT AIN'T GONNA WORK!



COWBOY WESTERN

BILL'S UNCERTAINTY DIDN'T SHOW AS HE WALKED THE BEAT PAST HONKYTONKS AND GAMBLING HALLS...BUT HE KNEW HIS ENEMIES WERE WAITING...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, TIN HORN! IF YUH DON'T, I'LL TAKE YOUR COLTS AND BREAK 'EM OVER YOUR HEAD!

KEEP TALKIN', HICKOK! YUH'LL TALK YORE WAY RIGHT INTUH BOOT HILL!



YUH'RE TOO VELLA TUH TRY 'IM FACE TUH FACE, EVEN WHEN HE'S UNARMED! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!



THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! I'M GONNA TIE THAT GUY IN KNOTS! HOLD MY GUNS!



GET READY, HICKOK! I'M GONNA STOMP YUH GOOD!



YUH'LL GO TUH JAIL AFTER YUH FINISH TRYIN'! COME ON, CURRY!

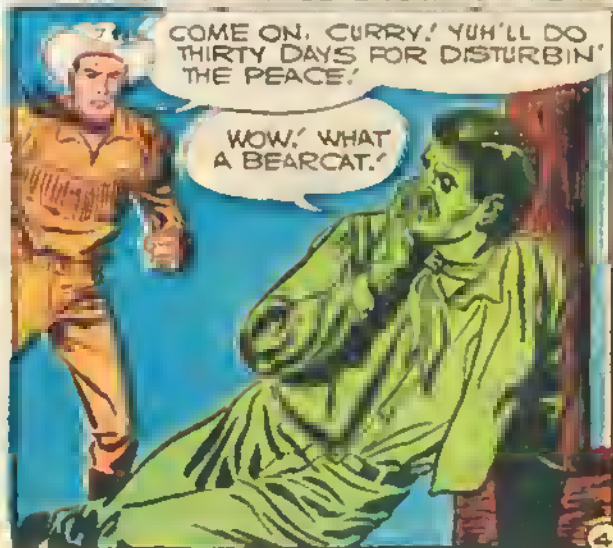


HERE'S A SAMPLE! OOOOF!



MISSED, CURRY! NOW IT'S MY TURN!

SIXTY ACTION PACKED SECONDS LATER...

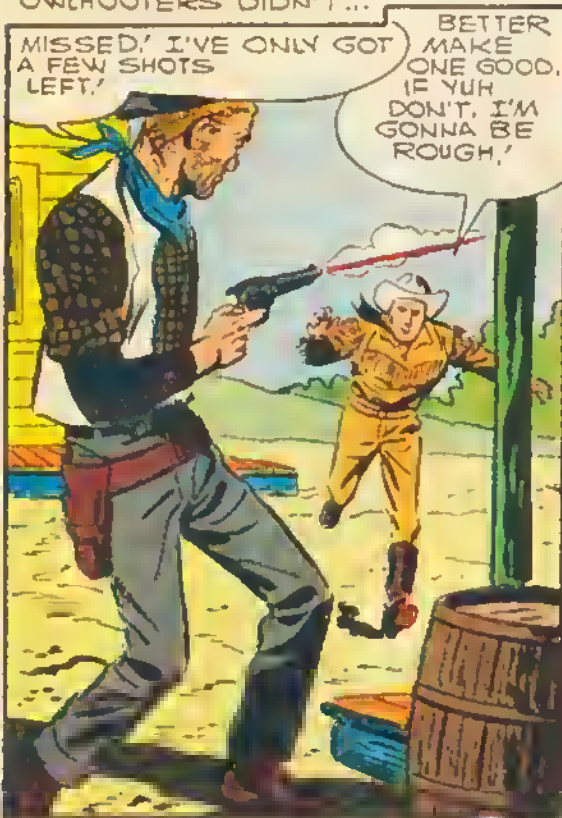


COME ON, CURRY! YUH'LL DO THIRTY DAYS FOR DISTURBIN' THE PEACE!

WOW! WHAT A BEARCAT!

COWBOY WESTERN

'CURRY PLAYED IT FAIR BUT OTHER OWLHOOTERS DIDN'T...



MISSED! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW SHOTS LEFT!

BETTER MAKE ONE GOOD. IF YUH DON'T, I'M GONNA BE ROUGH!



NO! LISTEN, I...

I LISTENED TO SIX SLUGS GO PAST MY EARS!

MEAN-WHILE, BULL ALGREN WAS WATCHING IT ALL, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO MAKE HIS MOVE...

HICKOK JUST JUGGED KRAMER! WHEN ARE WE GONNA TAKE 'IM, BULL!

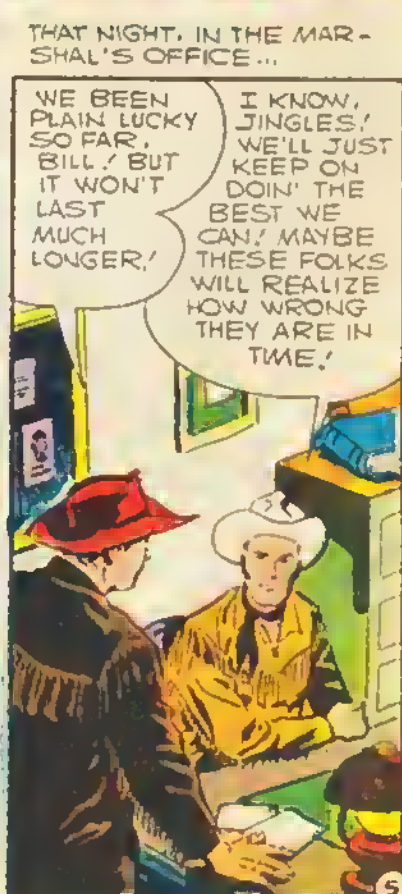
YOU STUPES AIN'T THINKING RIGHT! I'M OUT TUH MAKE A PROFIT WHEN I BUCK 'HICKOK!



THE OTHERS ANNOUNCED THEY WERE COMIN' FOR HIM! WILD BILL WAS READY! HE WON'T BE IF HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A BANK ROBBERY WITHOUT ANY HELP!



TELL WEASEL AND CONKER TUH COME IN HERE! THE FOUR OF US'LL PULL THE JOB!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

WE BEEN PLAIN LUCKY SO FAR, BILL! BUT IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

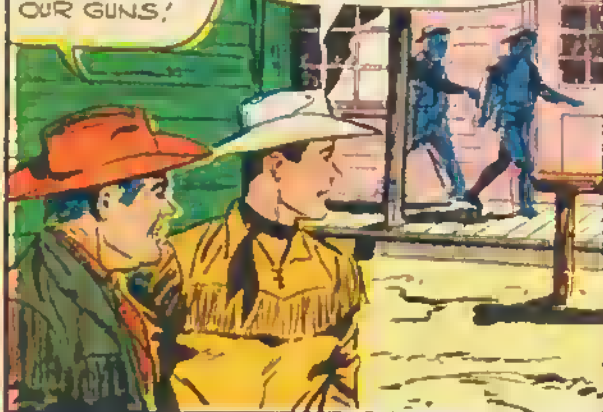
I KNOW, JINGLES! WE'LL JUST KEEP ON DOIN' THE BEST WE CAN! MAYBE THESE FOLKS WILL REALIZE HOW WRONG THEY ARE IN TIME!

COWBOY WESTERN

THE NEXT MORNING...

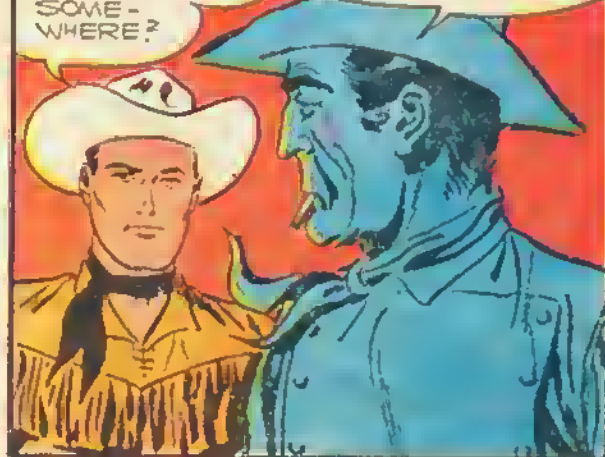
THERE'S ALGREN NOW! HE'S BEEN LAVIN' LOW SINCE WE SHED OUR GUNS!

I KNOW -- AND THERE'S A REASON FOR IT! CIRCLE AROUND DOWN STREET AND DRIFT BACK UP NEAR THE BANK!



YUH LOOK LIKE BUSINESS TODAY, ALGREN! GOIN' SOMEWHERE?

FOLLOW ME AN' SEE, HICKOK. YUH CAN SLAP MY WRIST IF I GET NAUGHTY!



ALGREN DIDN'T TRY TO FOOL ANYONE! HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BANK...

THIS IS IT! ALGREN AND HIS GANG ARE GONNA COME OUT SHOOTIN'!



HOLD IT, MARSHAL! JUST KEEP YORE DISTANCE AN' YUH WON'T GET HURT!

THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE...



...BUT I'M NOT A REASONABLE MAN!



HURRY IT UP! HICKOK'S TRYIN' TUH BUST UP THE PARTY!



COWBOY WESTERN



THE ALGREN GANG HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY... THEN, SUDDENLY, THE GUNLESS WONDERS CAME UP WITH ARTIL-LERY...

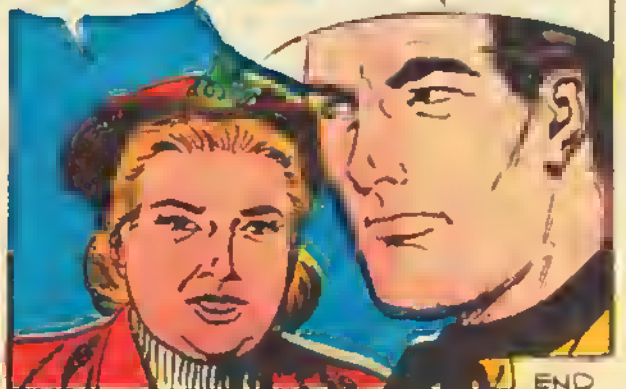


YOU AND JINGLES WERE WONDERFUL, MARSHAL! WE LADIES HAVE DECIDED WE WERE WRONG ABOUT WEARING GUNS!

WELL, I'M SURE GLAD TO HEAR THAT, MA'AM. WE NEED 'EM BADLY.

WE WEREN'T THINKING OF THAT! WE JUST THINK THAT YOU TWO LOOK MORE PICTURESCUE WEARING SIX-GUNS!

MORE PICTURE...? YES, MA'AM, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL WEAR 'EM ALL THE TIME!



END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

IN LAWYERS, KEEP OUT

THEY CALLED IT THE NEUTRAL STRIP, THE DESOLATE LAND UNCLAIMED BY THE STATES ON EITHER SIDE OF IT. NO MAN WEARING A BADGE DARED TO RIDE IN THERE UNTIL WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES FOLLOWED A STAGE COACH ROBBER INTO THE LAWLESS STRIP...



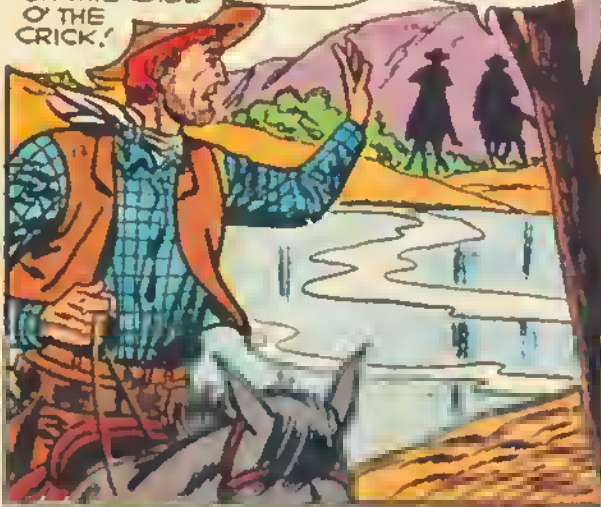
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL AND HIS DEPUTY SURPRISED RED FEDDER'S GANG ROB-BING THE STAGE, BUT RED SAW THEM COMING AT THE LAST MINUTE...



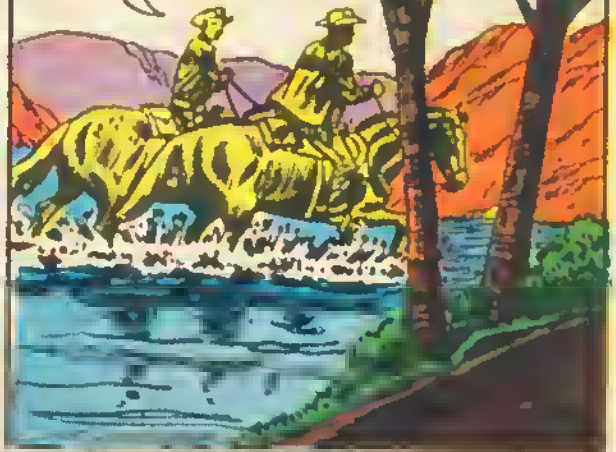
COWBOY WESTERN

SO LONG, HICKOK! YORE
BADGE DON'T MEAN MUCH
ON THIS SIDE
O' THE
CRICK!

HE MADE IT,
BILL!



THERE'S NO LAW SAYS I CAN ARREST
FEEDER IN THE STRIP -- BUT THERE'S
NO LAW SAYS I **CAN'T** EITHER!
COME ON!



THE
TWO
MEN
KNEW
THE RISK
THEY
RAN!
THE IN-
HABITANTS
OF THE
NEUTRAL
STRIP HAD
ONE THING
IN COMMON,
THEIR
HATRED OF
THE LAW...

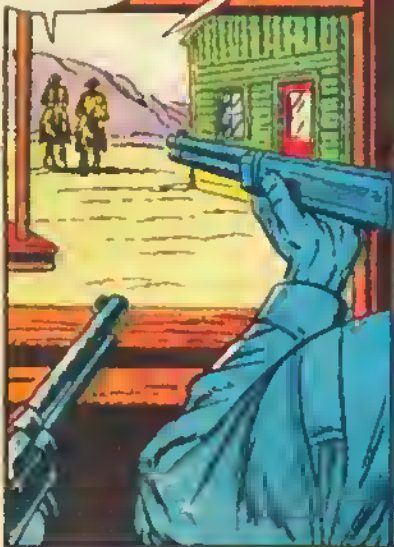
THERE'S MORSE JENNEY'S
TOWN AHEAD!
WE'LL FIND
FEDDER
THERE!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, BILL! I GOT
A FUNNY FEELIN' -- EITHER I'M
AWFUL HUNGRY OR
AWFUL SCARED!



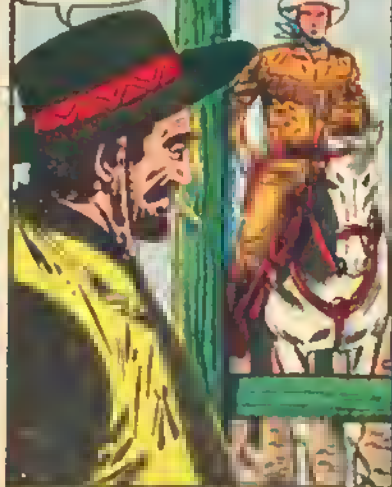
I FEEL
LIKE A
TURKEY
ON THE
DAY
BEFORE
THANKS-
GIVIN'!

JUST DON'T
LOOK LIKE ONE!
WE GOT A
CHANCE IF WE
DON'T SHOW
FEAR!



YOU'VE GOT
NERVE, HICKOK!
THERE'S A
DOZEN GUNS
AIMED AT
YUH RIGHT
NOW! ALL
I'VE GOT
TO DO IS
GIVE A
SIGNAL!

TRY IT,
JENNEY!
I'LL GET
AT LEAST
ONE SHOT
OFF BEFORE
I GO DOWN...
AND **YOU**
GET IT!



ALL
RIGHT,
HICKOK!
WHY'D
YUH
COME
HERE?
THERE'S
NO
LAW
HERE!

I WANT FEDDER!
HE ROBBED THE
STAGE
IN MY
BAILIWICK!
HAW,
HAW,
CHASE
'EM,
JENNEY!



COWBOY WESTERN

HE GOT THE MONEY, JENNEY!
HE HID IT. HE DIDN'T PAY YOU
YOUR SHARE, DID HE?
IS HE WORTH GETTIN'
KILLED FOR?'

NO!
TAKE
HIM!
DON'T
BOTHER
ANYONE
ELSE
THOUGH.'

THE
MARSHAL'S
BLUFF
ALMOST
WORKED!
FACING
THE
DEADLY
GUNS OF
THE TWO
LAWMEN,
NO
ONE
WANTED
TO TRY
THEIR
LUCK.
THEN,
JINGLES'
APPETITE
GOT
IN
THE
WAY...

HMMM, MAN. I COULD EAT
TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF
STEAK RIGHT NOW.'

STEAK
25¢

FREEZE, JINGLES!
IF YUH OR HICKOK
MAKE ONE MOVE,
I'LL PLUG YUH.'

DROP YORE
GUN OR HE
GETS IT,
HICKOK.'

NICE
GOIN',
TURK.'

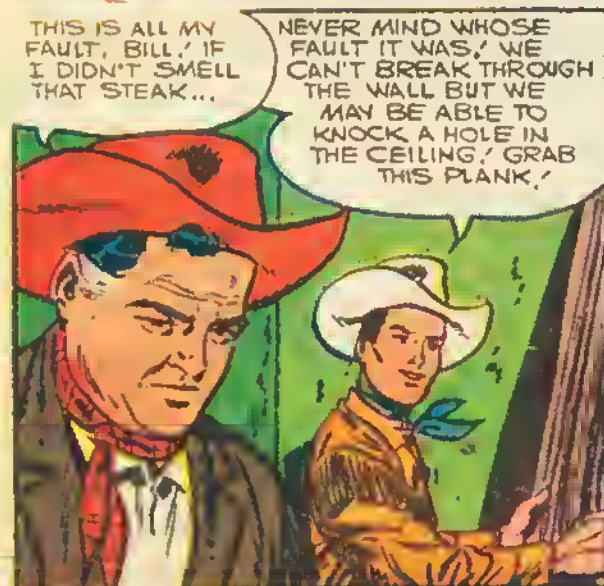
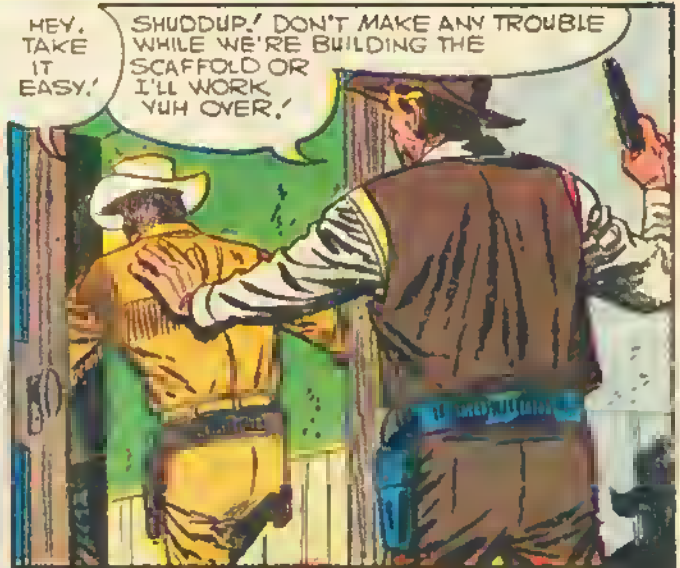
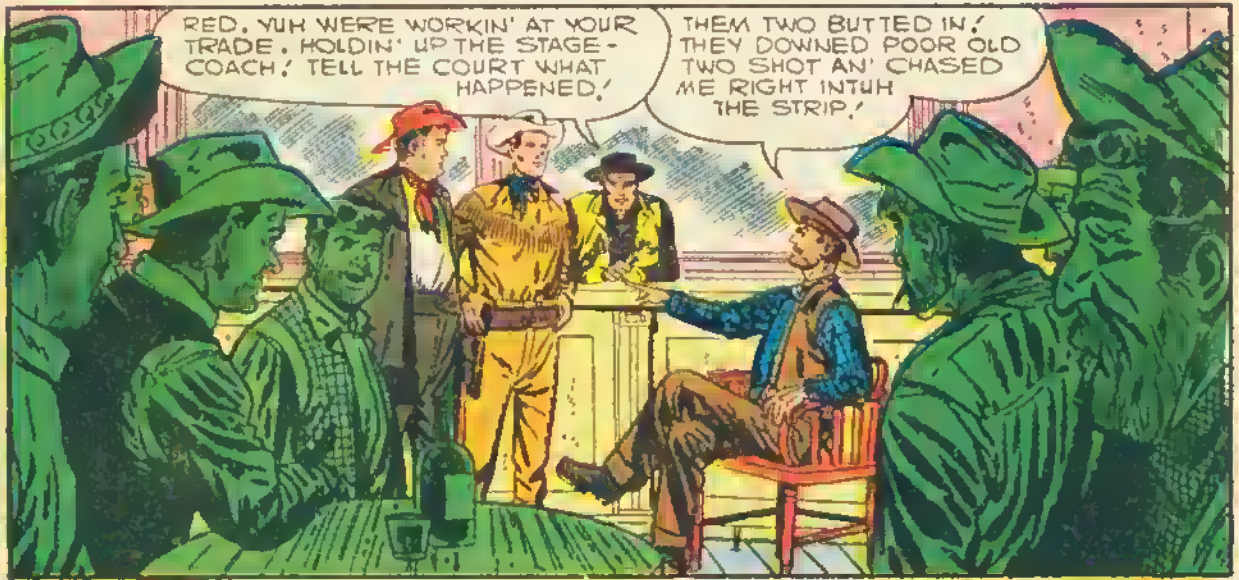
IF
YORE
WAITIN'
FOR
US TO
BEG,
JENNEY,
DON'T.'

BRING 'EM INSIDE,
TURK. WE'RE GOIN'
TUH TRY 'EM NICE
AN' LEGAL.'

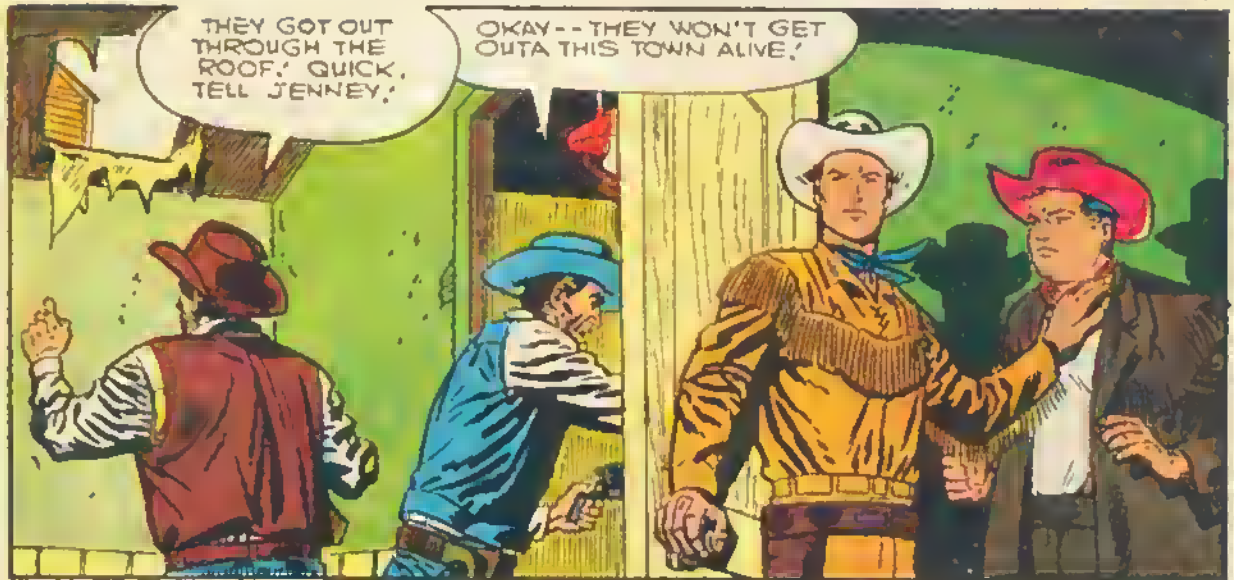
JENNEY'S
LAWLESS
FOLLOW-
ERS
WHOOPED
WITH
GLEE!
THEY
WERE
GOING
TO
TURN
THE
TABLES
AND
PUT
THE
'AW-
MEN
ON
'TRIAL'...

THIS COLT'LL BE MY
GAVEL! FIRST
WITNESS.. RED
FEDDER.'

COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



THEY GOT OUT THROUGH THE ROOF! QUICK, TELL JENNEY!

OKAY-- THEY WON'T GET OUTA THIS TOWN ALIVE!



SLOW DOWN, BUSTER! I NEED YOUR GUN!

HICKO... OOOOF!

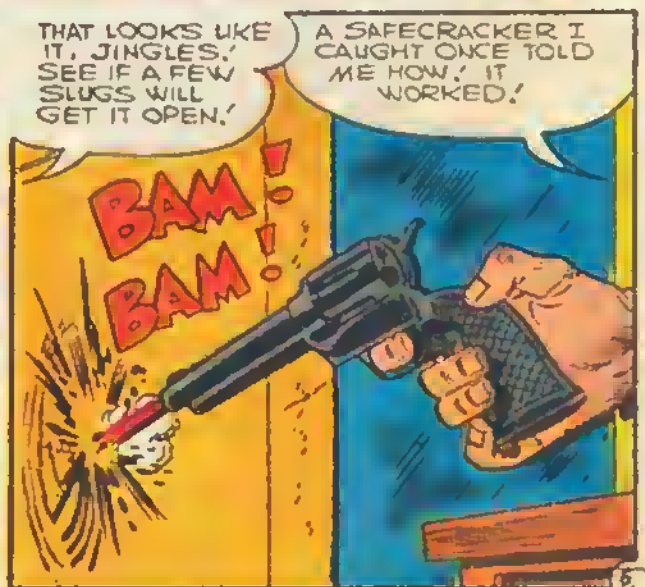
THIS FELLER'S TURNIN' BLUE, BILL! WHAT'LL I DO?

GET UP! GRAB A GUN, WE'RE GOIN' TO USE JENNEY'S OWN TACTICS NOW!



L-LOOK! THE SCAFFOLD IS ALMOST READY!

NEVER MIND! JENNEY COLLECTS PLENTY FROM ALL THESE OWLHOOTERS FOR KEEPIN' 'EM HERE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIS SAFE!



THAT LOOKS LIKE IT, JINGLES! SEE IF A FEW SLUGS WILL GET IT OPEN!

A SAFECRACKER I CAUGHT ONCE TOLD ME HOW! IT WORKED!

COWBOY WESTERN

THE
SAFE
WAS
OPEN
BUT
EVERY
OUTLAW
IN THE
STRIP
HEARD
THE
SHOTS!
THEY
SURROUND-
ED
THE
BUILDING..
THEY
WEREN'T
JOKING...



THEY GOT LOOSE! I'M
DOUBLING THE PRICE.
TWO THOUSAND
APIECE FOR
THEM!

THAT
SOUNDS
GOOD!
I'M
GONNA
COLLECT!

AW! THERE'S
TOO MANY OF...
WHAT ARE
YUH DOIN',
BILL?

GRAB SOME OF
JENNEY'S
DOUGH. SCATTER
IT AROUND!
THEY'LL FORGET
US WHEN THEY
SEE THE CASH!

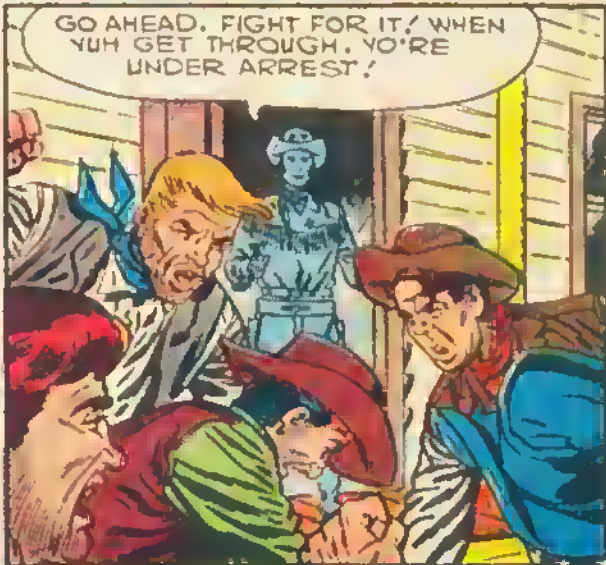


I SAW IT
FIRST!
TURN IT
LOOSE
OR I'LL
GUNWHIP
YUH!

STOP IT!
HICKOK
WANTS YUH
TUH FIGHT
EACH OTHER!

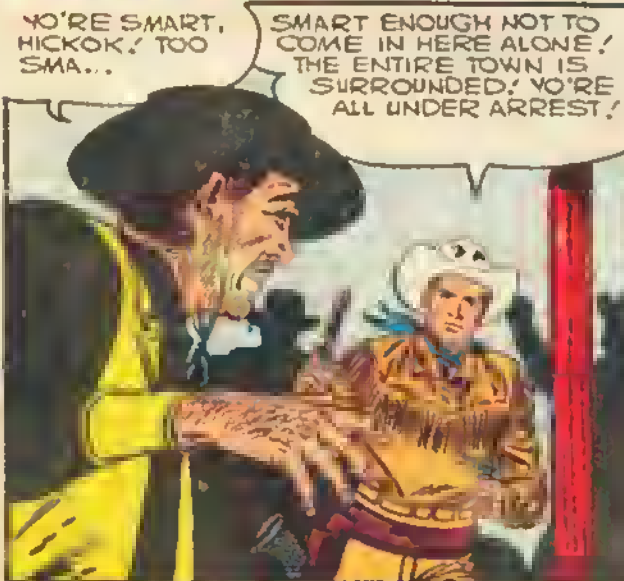


GO AHEAD. FIGHT FOR IT! WHEN
YUH GET THROUGH, YO'RE
UNDER ARREST!



YO'RE SMART,
HICKOK! TOO
SMA...

SMART ENOUGH NOT TO
COME IN HERE ALONE!
THE ENTIRE TOWN IS
SURROUNDED! YO'RE
ALL UNDER ARREST!



LATER, AFTER SPECIAL DEPUTIES HAD
STARTED THE LAST OF JENNEY'S GANG
ON THE WAY TO PRISON ...

THAT SMELL OF
FOOD NEARLY
COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!

IT'S AL-
MOST WORTH
IT TOO!



END

ROBBY HOOD



I HEERED TELL of some feller named Robin Hood and he was sort of a good badman, you might say. Leastwise, from what I could find out about him, he stole from the rich people and gave the money to the poor people.

Now I don't hold with stealing, any way you look at it. Stealing is wrong and it's wicked. They do say in favor of this Robin Hood hombre that he never drew a six-gun on anybody and, in fact, never packed any hardware. He went around all the time armed with only a bow and arrow. Must've had some Injun blood in him!

Anyway, what put me in mind of this feller Robin Hood was a hombre who once blew into the town of Five Tombstones. His name was Robby Hood. His real handle was Robert J. Hood, hut when he was only a cute little tyke his ma got to calling him "Robby" and that handle stuck with him.

In that territory around Five Tombstones he got quite a reputation as an owlhoot and a sidewinder for awhile. But I swear he never robbed anybody or kilt anybody or even so much as spit on the courthouse floor. But he got himself a reputation quite similar to this other Hood—the Robin Hood—just the same.

You heard of Five Tombstones, of course. It was a ringtailed rowdy town, full of wild roistering. It grew up like a mushroom and was as poisonous as a toadstool. 'Twas full of men who claimed they were brave enough to hattle a corral of mountain lions. But not one dared to take over the job of sheriff with a tin star on his chest as an inviting target for the bushwhackers. In fact, if there had been a lawman, he'd have had to build a jailhouse about the size of the Grand Canyon to hold all the varmints that needed arresting!

There was a sort of a law around town—it

was what you might call "boss law" I reckon. The boss was Stickpin Steeg who ran the Big Ace Gambling Casino. He got up a set of "vigilantes" and he was the captain of the crew. The object of the vigilantes was to keep the little crooks from stealing anything that belonged to the big crooks.

First time Robby Hood blew into town he was just riding kinda slow past the Big Ace and looking this way and that when something unpleasant happened. Stickpin Steeg, himself, tossed an old feller out of the door, head first! Then Stickpin followed him out into the dust and when the codger scrambled to his knees, Stickpin gave him an uppercut and sent him sprawling back in the dust.

That codger was an old prospector named Sourdough Don and he had just lost his poke at the dice table in the Casino. Don complained that he thought the dice were crooked. So Stickpin naturally threw him out.

Robby Hood didn't like to see an old codger get kn--ked around like that. He slipped off his horse and belted Stickpin Steeg right on the button. The gambler flew backwards threw the air and landed splash in a horse trough.

Stickpin was unaccustomed to rough treatment and it made him quite angry. I'm telling you. He pulled himself out of that trough, cussing and dripping. Soon as he had wiped the water from his eyes, he went for his gun. But he barely had it slid out of the holster afore Robby shot.

Robby didn't hit the gambler. He merely knocked the gun out of his hand.

Stickpin was boiling mad. "Stranger, you're under arrest!" he hollered. "You have just drawn your gun on the captain of the Vigilantes. That's a hanging offense!"

"You'll have to catch me first," said Robby,

with a grin. He headed for the hills. "I've got important business elsewhere, but I'll be back," he hollered.

The street was soon swarming with vigilantes and they all headed out after Robby, but he had got too good a head start. Stickpin found out Robby's name some way and had a lot of handbills printed offering one hundred dollars for his capture, dead or alive.

Several days went by and nobody claimed the money. Then one morning when Stickpin got up he found one of the handbills stuck under his door. There was writing on the back of it. It said:

"I'll be hiding in the hayloft of the livery stable if you want to collect this reward yourself. But I've got guns. The only way you'll get me out is to burn me out.

(signed) Robby Hood

Stickpin didn't want to tackle a hombre like that hy himself so he showed the note to the other vigilantes and got them to surround the stable. One of the men was kind of nervous and impatient. He set the stable on fire. It burned plumb to the ground, and three buildings alongside of it did the same. This made Stickpin hoppin' mad, because he owned all the buildings that were burned down. The only consolation he had out of it was the thought that Robby Hood had died in the flames.

That consolation didn't last long. Next morning there was another note:

"Sorry I couldn't hide in the livery stable like I promised but some dang fool burned the place down. Tonight I'm coming in from my hide-out in the hills to visit your Casino and do a little gaming.

(signed) Robby Hood

The captain of the Vigilantes decided to outfox Robby. He sent all his picked gunmen out along the hill road to waylay Robby in the dark. That's how come Stickpin was prac-

tically alone in his casino when Robby Hood walked in, big as life. There was only a bartender and a piano player and a couple of customers.

Stickpin was astonished, but not too astonished to start for his gun. Robby pointed toward the window, where Stickpin could see a dim figure outlined, a Stetson pulled low. "Better not go for your gun," said Robby. "My buddy outside the window might not like it."

Stickpin grunted and left his pistol holstered. Robby allowed as how he might like to play a little dice. He took the dice that were on the table and tossed them into a cuspidor. Then he reached right into Stickpin's pocket and pulled out another pair.

"I'll roll with the same ones you use," he said.

"But they're . . ." Stickpin wailed, then shut up sudden.

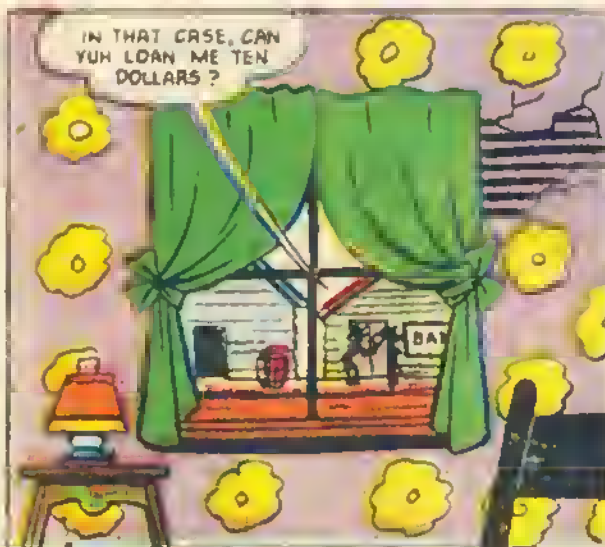
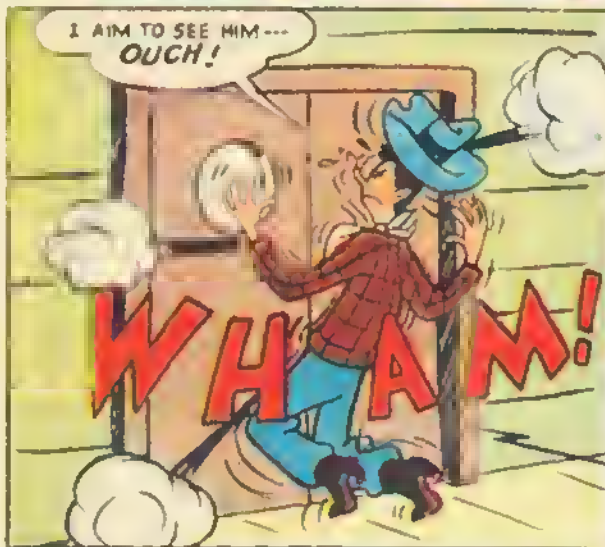
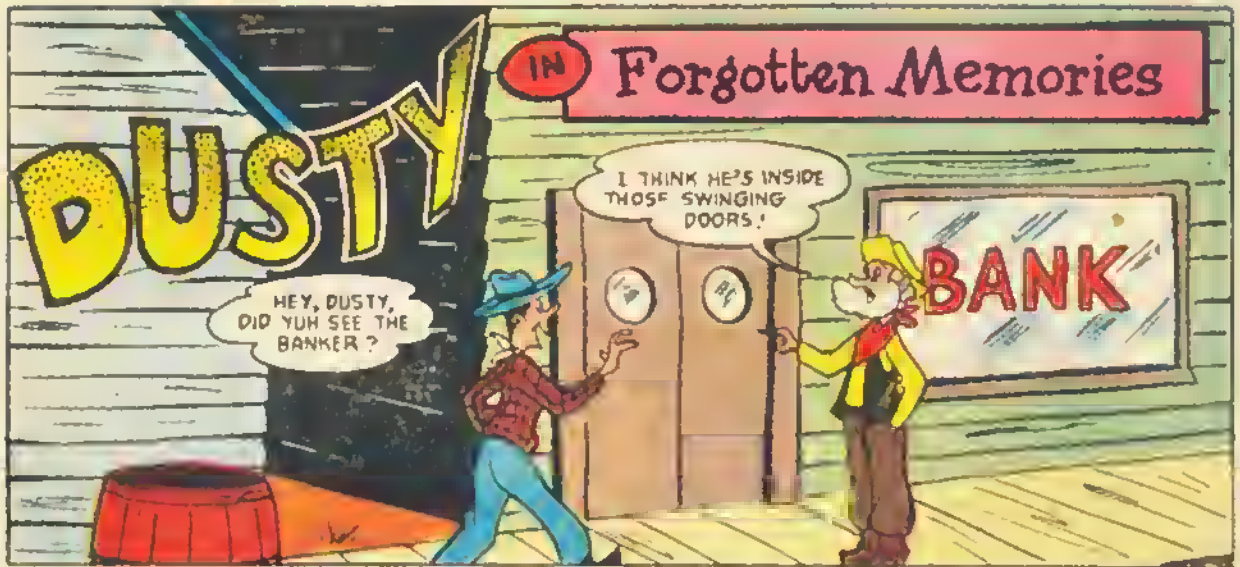
"They're good enough for you and they're good enough for me," grinned Robby. Of course, the dice were loaded. Stickpin was a cheat. But this time they were used against him and he was cleaned out. Robby Hood put all of Stickpin's gold in a poke and walked out, waving a cheery goodby. He had been gone about a half hour when a returning vigilante came in and asked, "Hey, what's that scarecrow doing propped up agin the window?"

STICKPIN was a laughing stock. Nobody feared him any more. His power was gone. The good people took over, elected a regular sheriff, and threw all the rascals either in jail or out of town. Nobody in Five Tombstones ever saw Robby again, but when the good-folk started building a church, they got an anonymous donation. It was the big poke of gold that had been won from Stickpin Steegl.

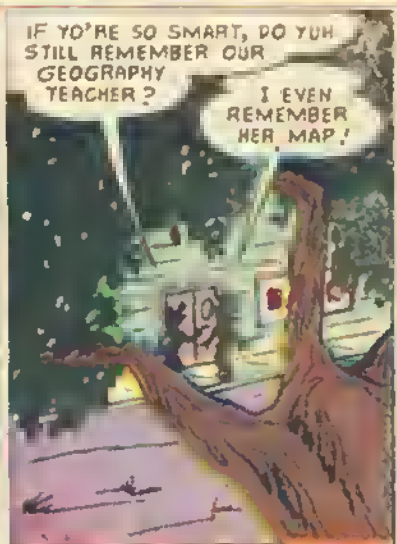
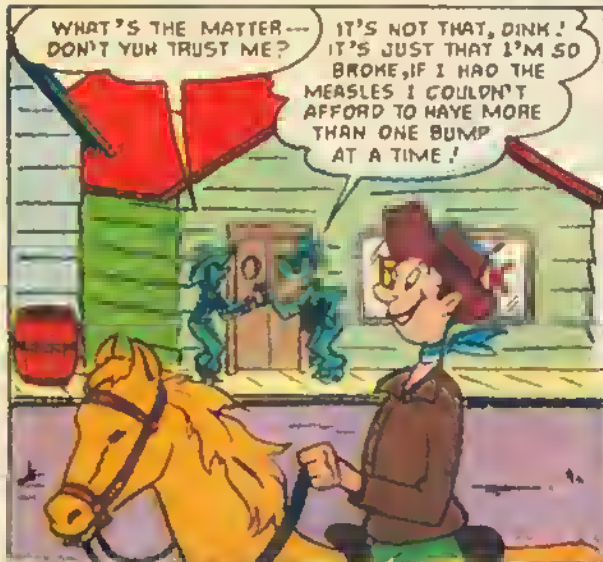
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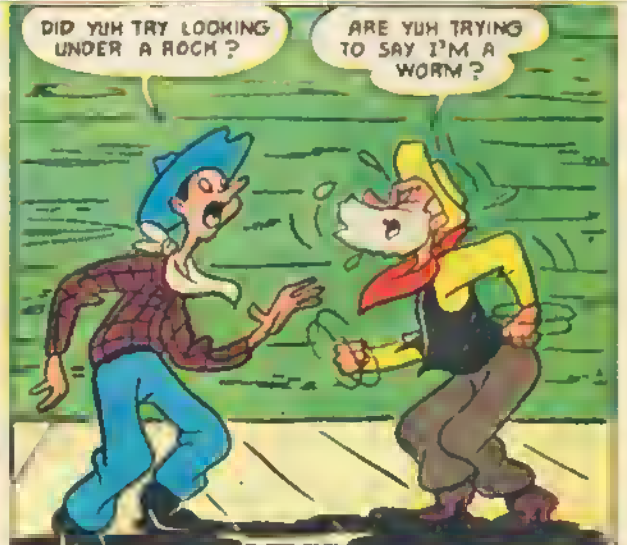
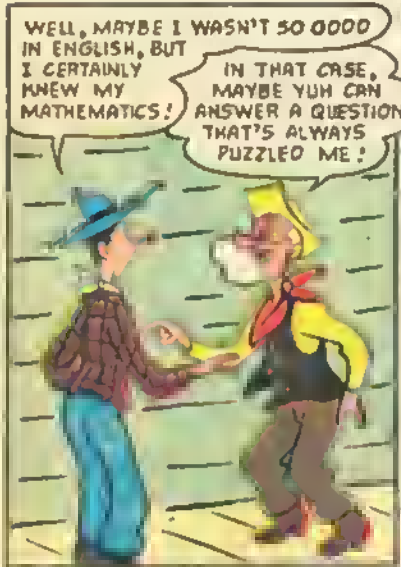
COWBOY WESTERN



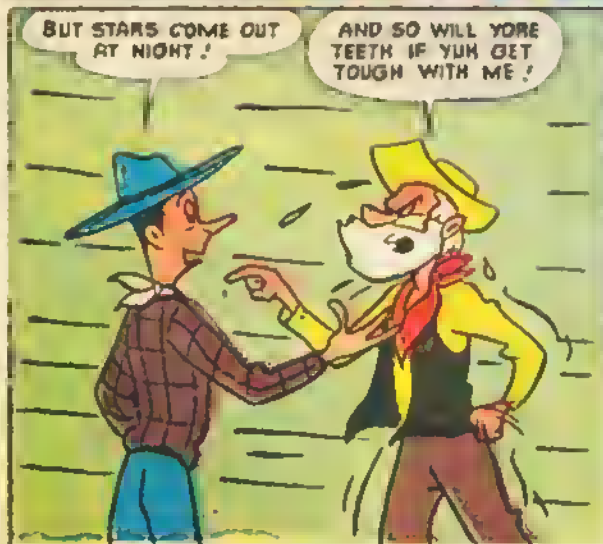
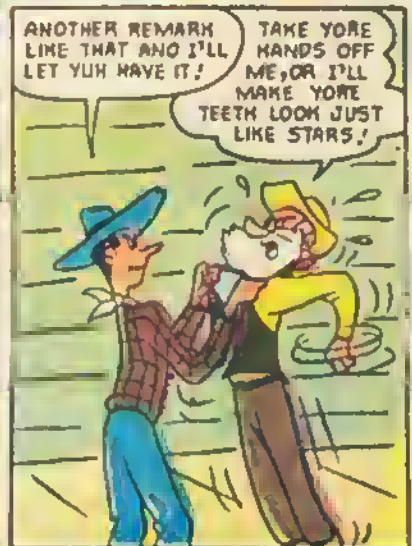
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

in

GHOSTLY GOLD

Wild Bill Hickok

AND

Jingles

FOLKS SAID THE LOST LODGE MINE WAS HAUNTED... AND JINGLES WAS READY TO BELIEVE IT WHEN HE HEARD THAT WAVERING VOICE AND SAW THE GLOW SURROUNDING THE GOLD AND THE CROUCHING FIGURE DEFENDING IT...

W-WHO'S THERE? ANSWER IN THE NAME OF THE L-LAW!

YOU WERE WARNED TO STAY OUT OF HERE! NOW YOU'LL MEET THE SAME FATE THE OTHERS DID WHEN THEY DESCENDED INTO THIS MINE!

THINGS HAD BEEN QUIET IN TOWN BEFORE THAT! WILD BILL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY, JINGLES, WERE CATCHING UP ON THE NEWS...

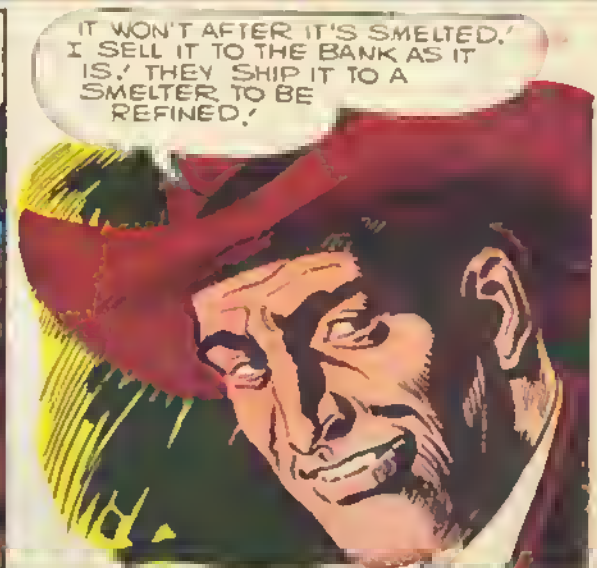
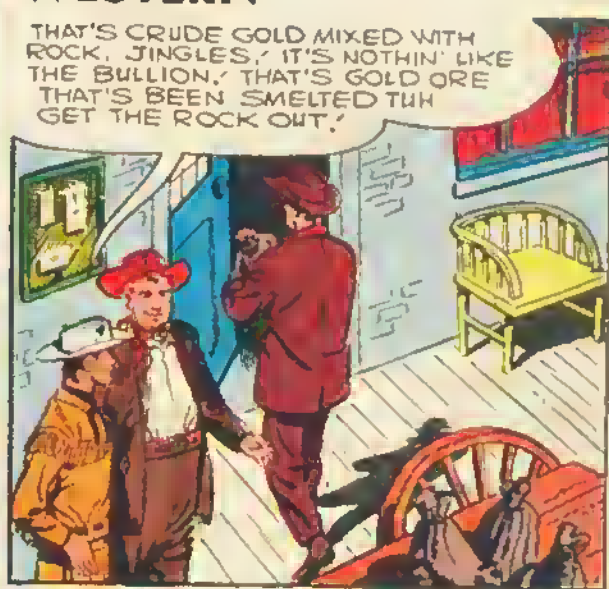
THIS IS FUNNY! ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION HAS BEEN HIJACKED!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT? CROOKS GEN'ALLY LIKE TUH STEAL GOLD!

THAT'S RIGHT... BUT RAW GOLD IS HARD TO GET RID OF! IT HAS TO BE CONVERTED INTO MONEY! HOW ARE THEY DOING IT?



COWBOY WESTERN



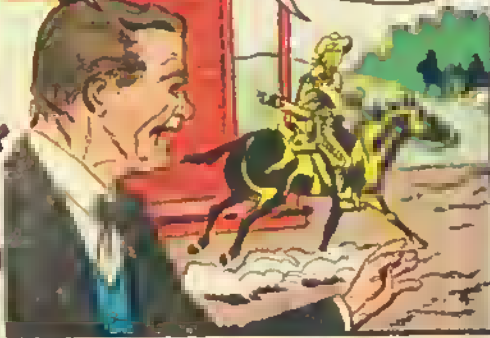
COWBOY WESTERN

MARSHAL HICKOK TOOK THE TRAIL AT ONCE! JINGLES RELUCTANTLY STAYED IN TOWN...



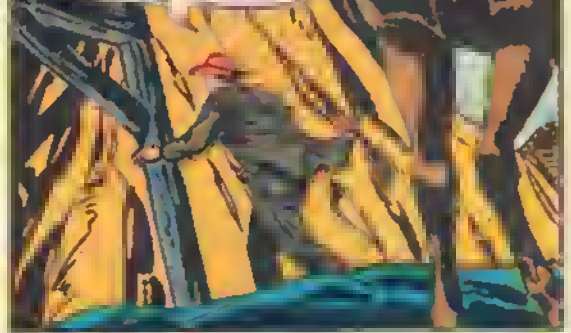
JINGLES, MR. AMES SHOULD BE TOLD OF THIS! HE MUST BE WARNED NOT TO MAKE ANY ORE SHIPMENTS UNTIL THE THIEVES HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!

I'LL TELL 'EM, MR. LANE! I WAS RIDIN' OUT THAT WAY ANYHOW!



THERE WERE A LOT OF STORIES TOLD ABOUT THE LOST LODE MINE, THE EERIE FIGURES SEEN THERE AT NIGHT, THE FLICKERING LIGHTS OVER THE SNOW THAT LEFT NO TRAIL...

GOOD THING I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! SURE LOOKS SCARY THOUGH!



AMES! I WAS LOOKIN' FOR YUH, THE ORE SHIPMENT WAS HELD UP!

THAT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE! THE BANK OWNED THAT GOLD! CASH FOR IT IS IN MY STRONG BOX RIGHT NOW!



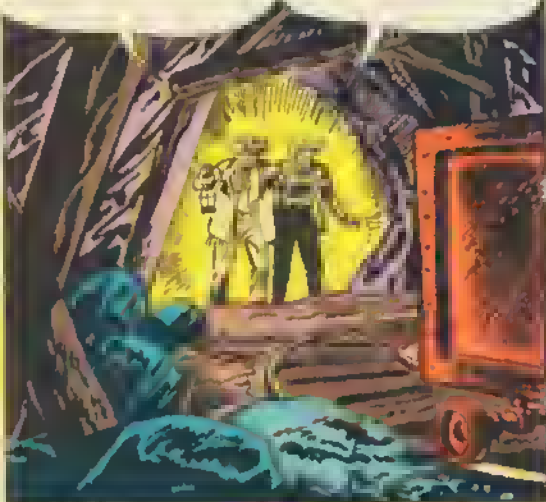
ALWAYS WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THIS PLACE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND WHILE I'M HERE!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT! FALLIN' TIMBERS AN' ROCKS IN THERE! YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



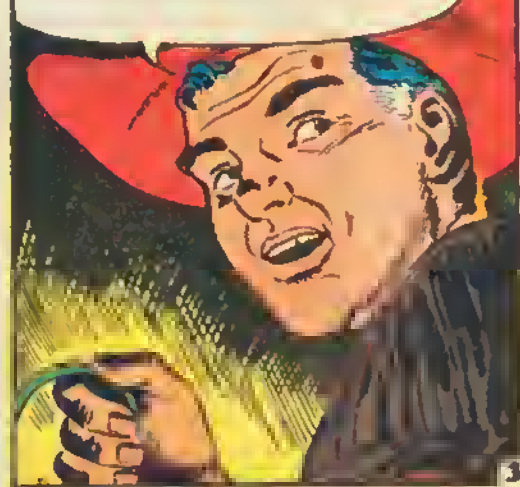
I HEAL QUICK! SEE ANY GHOSTS LATELY?

NO! BUT YOU MAY IF YOU KEEP GOING!



THE FEEBLE LANTERN GLOW DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD... THEN, DEEPER IN THE MINE, EVEN THAT WENT OUT! AND RANDALL WAS GONE...

NO MORE OIL IN THAT LANTERN! AMES, WHERE ARE YUH? DANG IT, THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!



COWBOY WESTERN



WHAT'S THAT?
W- WHO ARE
YUH?



I C'N JUST SEE ENOUGH
TUH SPOT THAT ROUND-
HOUSE, MISTER.



NOW I KNOW YOU'RE
NO GHOST! THAT
CHIN FEELS HUMAN!

AS HIS ASSAILANT FELL, JINGLES
HEARD A LANTERN TOPPLE! HE
STRUCK A MATCH AND...



THAT'S BETTER! GET UP,
MISTER! START EXPLAININ'
WHY YUH JUMPED AN
OFFICER OF
THE LAW!



I WORK DOWN HERE!
WHEN I HEARD YOU
STUMBLIN' AROUND
I PUT OUT THE LANTERN
AND CAME TO IN-
VESTIGATE! THEN
YOU SLUGGED ME!

AFTER YOU TRIED TO
SLUG ME FIRST!



WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT
LATER! START MOVIN'
- LAWMAN! GET HIS
GUN! JED!

COWBOY WESTERN

ANOTHER HONEST, HARD WORKIN' MINER. HUH? PACKIN' A SIX-GUN LIKE A GUNSLINGER!

QUIT THE GAB AN' GET MOVIN'!



THEN JINGLES HEARD IT. A MUFFLED, THUMPING NOISE ... SOME KIND OF MINING MACHINERY? HE KNEW THERE'D BE MORE MEN WAITING THERE. NONE FRIENDLY ...

GO EASY WITH THAT GUN, MISTER-- I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE...



... BUT I AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE!

LOOK OUT, JAKE!

I'LL FIX...
OOOOF!



THERE'S VOICES UP THERE-- MACHINERY! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY EXTRACT THE GOLD FROM THE ORE!

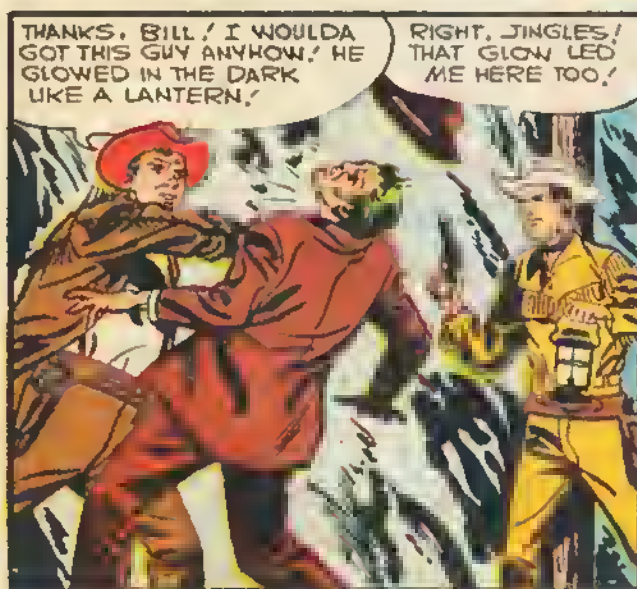


THEY'RE NOT TAKIN' GOLD OUT OF ROCK! THEY'RE MIXIN' GOLD DUST IN WITH ROCK! DUST-- THAT'S CRAZY!

ANY MORE GOLD? THIS STUFF'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ROCK DUST IN IT!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

SAGE-BRUSH

SINGER OF THE SEA!

HOWDY, FELLAS! WHAT'S THAT SIGN ON THE OLD OPRY HOUSE ABOUT?

OPERA HOUSE

NOTICE

GENERAL STORE

THEY'RE LOOKING FER A SINGER FER THE NEW SHOW!

A SINGER? WAL, I RECKON THEY DON'T HAVE TUH LOOK ANY MORE! I'M THE HOMBRE THEY WANT!

YUH?

SHORE! IM THE BEST SINGER IN THESE HYAR PARTS!

G'WAN, I BET YUH CAN'T SING BETTER THAN A SICK CROW!

DON'T SHOW YORE IGNORANCE! THAR'S NO ONE CAN PUT OVER A SONG LIKE ME! WHY, I ONCE SANG "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP" AT A BIG CONCERT IN TOWN HALL!

YUH DID? GOSH, DID YUH SING IT WELL?

LISTEN, I SANG "ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP" SO WELL--

-- FIVE PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE GOT SEASICK!

OPERA HOUSE

GENERAL STORE

Annie Oakley

COWBOY WESTERN
in **FIGHTIN' LADY**

THE TUTTLES ADMITTED THAT ANNIE OAKLEY WAS A WHIZ WITH A SIXGUN, BUT MRS. AMOS TUTTLE SNEERED WHEN ANNIE REACHED FOR A SALAD FORK. ANNIE WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW THE BANKER'S WIFE SHE COULD BE A LADY EVEN IF SHE HAD TO FIGHT TO PROVE IT.

MISS OAKLEY! REALLY! A LADY DOESN'T BRAWL WITH CADS IN THE STREET!

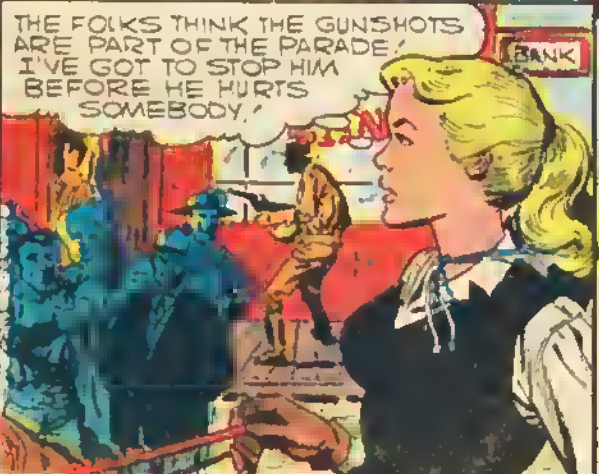
BAK

I AIN'T GOT TIME TO FIGHT WITHA IN PRIVATE! LET GO OF THAT GUN, YOU BUZZARD!



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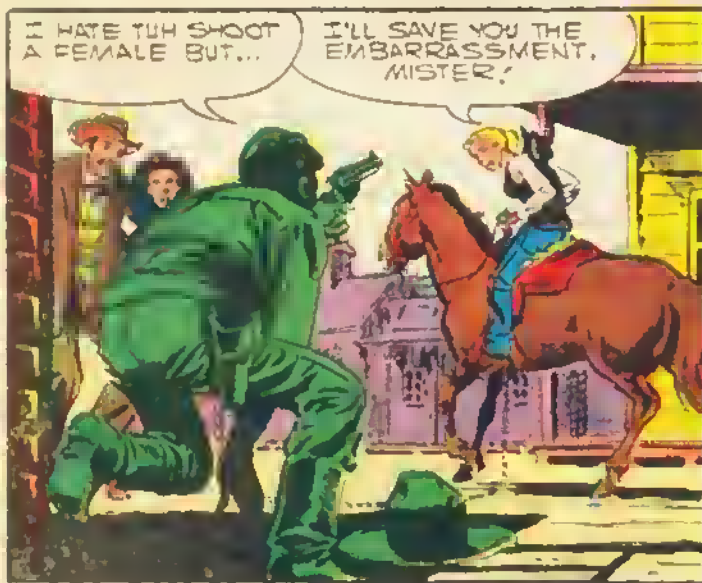
THE WILD WEST SHOW THAT ANNIE STARR-RED IN WAS STAGING A MAMMOTH PARADE WHEN SHE SAW THE GUNSLINGERS LEAVING THE BANK...



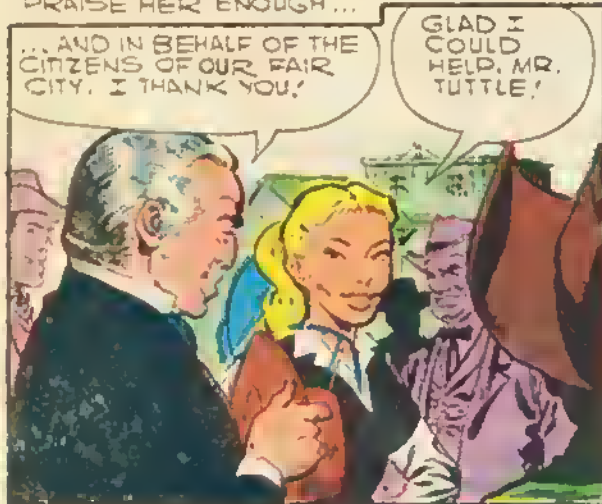
THIS IS EASIER THAN THE CALF ROPIN' CONTEST.



COWBOY WESTERN



THE CITIZENS CHEERED ANNIE! AND THE BANK OWNER, AMOS TUTTLE, COULDN'T PRAISE HER ENOUGH...



COWBOY WESTERN

ANNIE WAS BLAZING MAD! SHE WAS DETERMINED TO GO BROKE TO PROVE SHE COULD DRESS LIKE A LADY...

THIS WILL BE LOVELY ON YOU, MISS OAKLEY! IT'S EXPENSIVE OF COURSE...

I'LL TAKE IT! I WANT GLOVES AND ONE OF THEM LITTLE UMBRELLAS TOO!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

HERE COMES THE FEMALE COWPUNCHER!

I AIN'T A FEMALE, I'M A LADY!



AND I CAN PROVE IT! WELL?

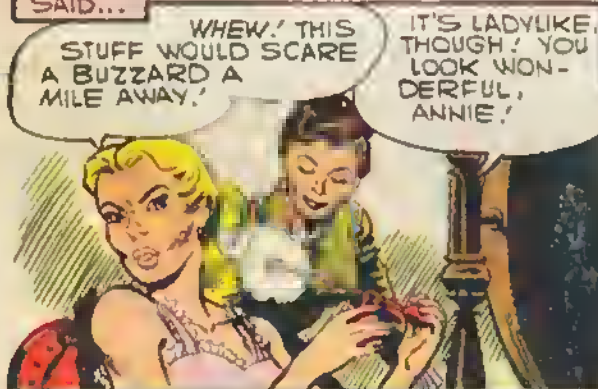
TH-THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM! YOU SURE ARE! I APOLOGIZE!



ANNIE GOT OUT THE POWDER AND PERFUME AND THE BATH SALTS. AN HOUR LATER SHE WAS TRANSFORMED-- LOVELY, ONE OF HER GIRL FRIENDS SAID...

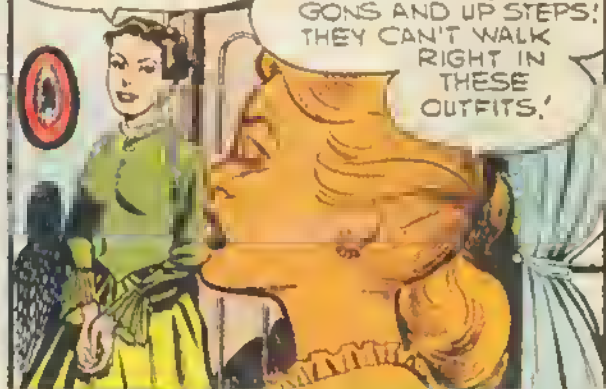
WHEW! THIS STUFF WOULD SCARE A BUZZARD A MILE AWAY!

IT'S LADYLIKE, THOUGH! YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, ANNIE!



SEE, ANNIE? YOU LOOK LIKE A LADY NOW!

YEAH, REAL HELPLESS! NO WONDER THEY NEED A MAN TUN LIFT 'EM INTO WAGONS AND UP STEPS! THEY CAN'T WALK RIGHT IN THESE OUTFITS!



OH, NO, ANNIE! YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR SIX-GUNS IN THAT OUTFIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, I RECKON I CAN'T! OH, WELL, ANYTHING TO SHOW THAT MRS. TUTTLE!



COWBOY WESTERN

NOW YOU'RE A LADY, ANNIE -- JUST DON'T FORGET YOURSELF!

I WON'T -- AND I'LL BEND THIS LITTLE UMBRELLA AROUND ANY GENT WHO DOESN'T TIP HIS HAT!

MRS. TUTTLE WAS WAITING IN THE LOBBY! ANNIE WAS SATISFIED AT THE ENVOUS LOOK THAT LADY SWIFTLY MASKED...

YOU LOOK GORGEOUS, MISS OAKLEY! MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR YOU!

THAT'S GOOD! I HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND TODAY!

THOSE MEN... WE'D BETTER CROSS THE STREET!

NONSENSE! WE'RE LADIES, AIN'T WE? THEN THEY'D BETTER BE GENTS!

HOLD IT, BUSTER! LET TWO LADIES PASS!

THE LADY'S RIGHT, BLACKIE! GOOD EVENIN', LADIES!

THEN THEY WERE IN THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM AMOS TUTTLE HAD PROVIDED. ANNIE WAS A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT WHICH FORK TO USE. SHE HAD SOMETHING ON HER MIND...

SAY, MR. TUTTLE, I HEAR YOU LIVE PRETTY GOOD! I ALSO HEAR YOU DON'T GAMBLE SO GOOD. YOU MUST GET A PRETTY BIG SALARY!

THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME OR PLACE, MISS OAKLEY.

HER IDEA OF DINNER CONVERSATION, AMOS!

PLUMB UNLADYLIKE, I RECKON! I JUST WANTED TO KNOW WHY YOU BROUGHT THE MAN TO TOWN TO ROB THE BANK!

IT'D BE HEALTHIER TO EAT DINNER AND BE QUIET, MISS OAKLEY!

COWBOY WESTERN

I'LL KEEP MY HEALTH NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, TUTTLE! I CHECKED! THE BANK EXAMINERS ARE COMING AND YOUR BANK IS SHAKY!

YOU'RE CLEVER, MISS OAKLEY! TOO CLEVER TO RUN LOOSE! YOU'RE COMING WITH US! THE WAGON IS READY, MY DEAR!



DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, MISS OAKLEY! I'LL ..

I KNOW YOU'LL SHOOT, TUTTLE, BUT...



I CHEATED A LITTLE ON THIS LADY BUSINESS! THE PARASOL CAME IN HANDY!



BULLSEYE!



STAND STILL, YOU... YOU GUNSLINGER!

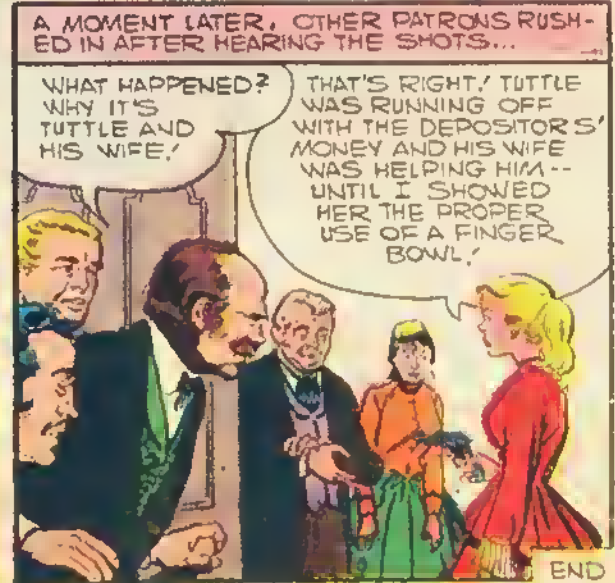
YOU COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN, LADY!



A MOMENT LATER, OTHER PATRONS RUSHED IN AFTER HEARING THE SHOTS...

WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IT'S TUTTLE AND HIS WIFE!

THAT'S RIGHT! TUTTLE WAS RUNNING OFF WITH THE DEPOSITOR'S MONEY AND HIS WIFE WAS HELPING HIM -- UNTIL I SHOWED HER THE PROPER USE OF A FINGER BOWL!



END

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Joe Louis

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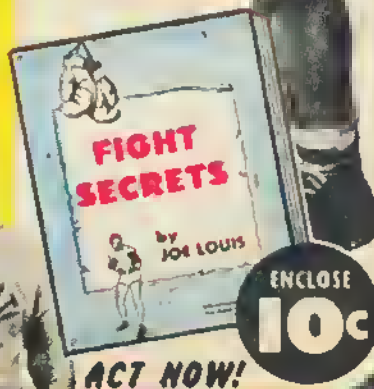
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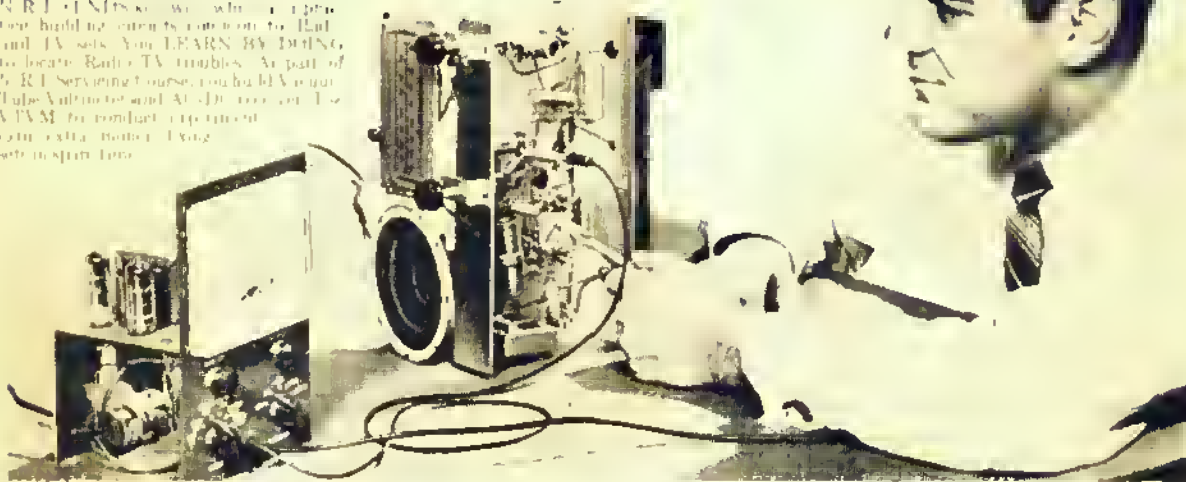
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